

CADBURY means *Quality*

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SEP 18 1945

DETROIT

PUNCH

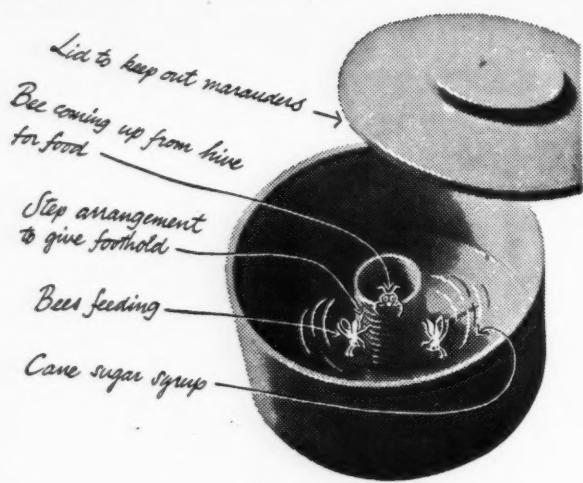


For conditions of sale and supply of *Punch*
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



Where the bee sucks . . .

Owing to the fact that Nature hasn't attended any of our World Economic Conferences (and therefore doesn't know any better) Bees have to go on short rations during the winter months unless Man steps in and feeds them with cane-sugar syrup (by courtesy of The Minister of Food). Man has, in fact, been doing this for some time, with bee feeders which fit on the tops of hives, but just recently a deputation of busy bees called on the Plastics industry and demanded more modern facilities. Stung into action, you see here how Universal Plastics Ltd., using Beetle mouldstuff, improved the shining hour; but we still think it's time Nature bucked her ideas up a bit too.



BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD
ONE ARGYLL STREET LONDON W1

Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**



I've flown from our British winter into this—whew! But I'm glad you insisted on 'Viyella' Service Shirts because they are cool when it's hot—and warm when it's not

'Viyella'

Regd.



MS. 2e



Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
Lady



Sylvia loves to make drawings of everything she sees. She is very serious about it, and intends to be an artist when she grows up. Sylvia herself is a subject for any artist, with her lovely complexion and the light playing on her nut-brown hair. Her mother is making sure that she retains that flawless complexion: Sylvia has been washed with Pears Soap since she was a baby—Pears Soap and clear water—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

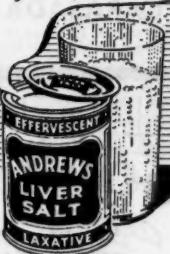
PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 374/96

*Andrews for
INNER
CLEANLINESS
helps to keep
you fit*



See how Andrews cleanses the entire system:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(56-12)



BY APPOINTMENT

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED

"His Master's Voice" leadership in tonal quality & purity of reproduction is no mere accident.... It has been won - and held - by the finest research organisation in the radio industry.



If you buy a pair of MOCCASIN Shoes because you like the look of them, you are wise. Because MOCCASIN Shoes have the sort of good looks that are the result of good leather, good craftsmanship, and they go on looking good despite hard wear. Coupons are very well invested in MOCCASIN Shoes.



MOCCASIN
TWO-PURPOSE SHOES

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., Moccasin Shoe Makers, NORTHAMPTON



*And so to Bed
with Billy Blansheet*

... snug and warm between
Blansheets for a night's refreshing
sleep.

VANTONA
Blansheets

Blanket warmth without blanket
tickle. Sheet comfort without sheet
shiver . . . the kind that Mother uses
for all the family. Not easy to buy,
but they soon will be.

The range of VANTONA Household Textiles
also includes "Court" Bedcovers, "Morning
Joy" Towels, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tummings
—all bear the VANTONA tab.

The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau
is still at your service. It is daily answering
many questions from houseproud readers.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD.,
PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER

You're telling me...



*but of course I know
THAT
CARR'S of
CARLISLE
HAVE MADE
THE BEST BISCUITS
FOR OVER 100 YEARS*

©CB13



*"IN THE
MAN I ADMIRE
I LOOK FOR . . .*

Obtainable in white and coloured designs, but at present in short supply.

"VAN HEUSEN"
Semi-Stiff Collars Regd Trade Mark

HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.
Taunton, Somerset

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

Bronnley
Makers of
FINE SOAPS
for Fifty Years

The name
which has
become a
tradition in
fine soap
making

St. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.,
LONDON, W.1.



*Please return
BRYLCREEM
bottles when empty*

There is an acute shortage of bottles.
So if you will return the empties to the
shop where you get your Brylcreem
it will help us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU!

*They'll come again
The original
FRENCH ALMONDS*

*Wafer coated
made by
Cravens
OF YORK*



THE CAP MARTIN OF ENGLAND

WITH lovely wooded cliffs and private sea promenade strikingly reminiscent of a world-known scene, the Branksome Tower Hotel has always catered for an exclusive clientele of a character which has never changed.

Internationally famous and unique among English seaside hotels it possesses every facility for sport and pleasure, rest or relaxation which the most exacting could demand or the most optimistic could possibly expect.

Telephone : Bournemouth 4000.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL - BOURNEMOUTH

Patronised by Royalty.

GREENS LTD
Cigar & Wine Merchants
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3.

After the War we hope to
resume offering Wines of all
descriptions.

Meanwhile we have pleasure in
offering a limited quantity of
Cigars.

"CARASADA"
Intermezzo size, 5½ inches long, at
60/- per box of 50, post free.

**DOGS
always
PREFER
SPILLERS
SHAPES**

**DO YOU
SUFFER FROM
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, GOUT
OR ANY RHEUMATIC AILMENT?**

**TRY
CURICONES**

DOCTORS USE IT. Obtainable from all Chemists

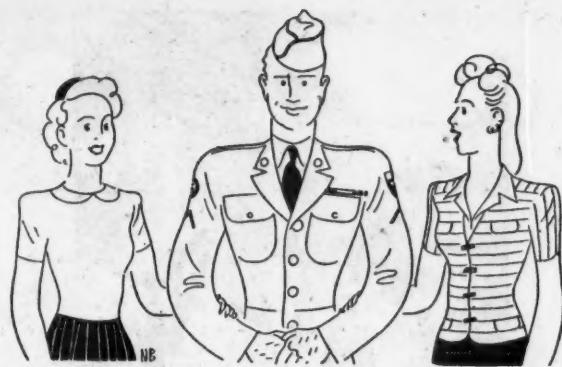
RICHARD CRITTALL • SPECIALISTS IN WARMING AND AIR CONDITIONING

R. CRITTALL & CO., LTD., SPECIALISTS IN COOKING APPARATUS AND KITCHEN EQUIPMENT



RICHARD CRITTALL & COMPANY LTD., ALDWYCH HOUSE, W.C.2

R. CRITTALL & CO., LTD., SPECIALISTS IN PANEL WARMING AND ENGINEERING SERVICES



Pfc Elmer E. Leigh seems likely to leave quite a bit of his heart here in England when he finally goes home to Ithaca, N.Y. But we have his word for it that one thing will go with him, and that's Pan Yan. "They make a mean pickle back home," he says, "but boy! compared with this Pan Yan they ain't seen nothin' yet."

Pan Yan

MACONOCHEE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

Spicy-sweet pickle
that makes plain
fare tasty and
fine fare a feast.

NO COUPONS

No matter how much or how little you already have, so long as you are a healthy life you can always apply for more LIFE ASSURANCE.

An "S.W.F." policy is life assurance *de luxe* at a *utility* price.



Ask for details from the Secretary,

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9, St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2

"Two old friends welcomed me home, Mr. Barratt!"



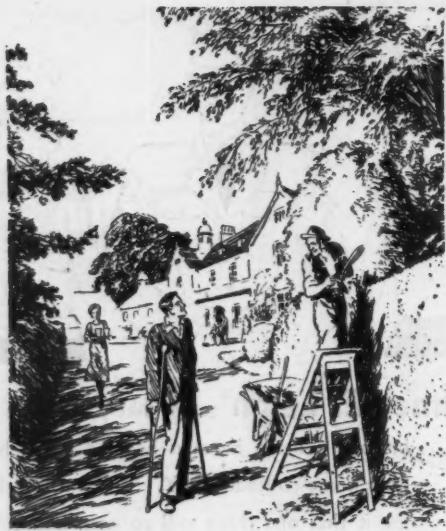
I'd no sooner put on my civvy suit than I thought—shoes! Then I remembered a pair of Barratts in the cupboard, which I hadn't seen for two years. A bit of polish and they came up wonderfully. And wasn't it a treat to slip them on once more, and

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country.

Ask for
the one
and only
PIMM'S
N° 1
Original
Gin
Sling





If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs will still have to be met.

It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

DUTY-FREE CIGARETTES FOR H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS

All H.M. Forces Overseas or H.M. Ships' Personnel on Active Commission	200	500	1,000
ROTHMANS NAVY CUT, MEDIUM ...	5/3	12/9	24/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL DE LUXE ...	7/3	17/9	34/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL STANDARD MIXTURE ...	Half Pound 5/9	Pound 10/9	

As the largest mail-order cigarette manufacturers, Rothmans are exceptionally well equipped to send gift parcels to all members of the Forces overseas. High-grade blends, securely packed, at economical *duty-free* prices which include postage. All orders are acknowledged by our Head Office, and parcels are posted without delay. Ask at any Rothman shop for *Duty-Free Order Form* containing full details, or send a postcard to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H28), 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Rothman OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist in the world



after five years with the Services

HEINZ
57

will be home with you again

Always ready to serve



The Mill . . .

Good grain is essential but in itself it is not enough to make good flour. The skill of the miller must be allied to that of the farmer before the baker can take up the tale. The way in which the wheat is ground and prepared can add the final touch of perfection.

It must be very good indeed if it is good enough to be accepted by

McVITIE & PRICE

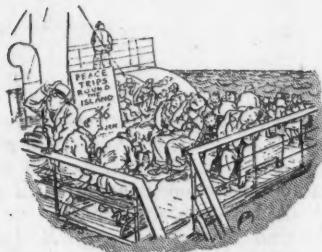
Makers of High Quality Biscuits

MCVITIE & PRICE LTD • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



PUNCH

Or
The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5457

August 15 1945

Charivaria

It is said that Japan had been looking for an easier peace. Weren't we all?

• •
New M.P.s have a lot to learn about customs and traditions of the House. It was a relief to many of them to find they were not expected to memorize the faces of the policemen on duty at St. Stephen's.



• •
A feature of railway travel is the long queues at London stations of holidaymakers anxious to get home for their holidays at home.

• •
Some theatre-goers are terribly absent-minded: when a conjurer produced a rabbit recently a queue formed for it.

• •
It's an ill wind . . . If the go-slow idea spreads bus drivers may start pulling up at the bus stops.

The Complications of Barter

• •
"To LET, Unfurnished Bungalow, near Portsmouth, in exchange for Bungalow or small house (landlord's permission) in Bournemouth, in exchange for Bungalow or small church."—*Advt. in Hants. paper.*

• •
There have been criticisms recently that there is too much variation in the fees paid to different B.B.C. artists. Comedians in particular feel that there should at least be a standard rate for the same script.



It appears that policemen are getting short all over the country. Appearances are deceptive, however; the British bobby could never be accused of shrinking.

• •
The latest home-rule development rumour is that the Scots intend making a bid to take over the L.C.C.

• •
Heavy Fun in a Laundry
"Mangle Rollers new-wooded;
30 miles round."
Advt. in Liverpool paper.



• •
An American inventor claims to have produced a cigarette from which the ash will not drop. The solution of the problem of how to keep moths from carpets seems further off than ever.

• •
A Glasgow firm announces a lighter wick that will last a lifetime. It's something to know that the wick will still be there by the time the thing works.

• •
Great efforts are being made to increase output in the Spanish wine industry. After the Potsdam Conference an encouraging statement may be expected from Franco to the effect that all other grapes are sour, anyway.

• •
"The crocodile moves lethargically on land," says a naturalist. Not if the gym mistress in charge has anything to do with it.

An Awkward Discovery

EVER since I can remember, or so it seems to me, story-writers have been attempting to destroy the world. They never did it. Something intervened at the last moment and the thing was saved. Mr. H. G. Wells, I believe, was the only one who tried to do the trick with an atomic bomb, and M. Jules Verne was content to shift the fertile regions of our little planet to the North Pole and vice versa. This was prevented by an error in calculations; a number of 0s chalked on the blackboard in front of the scientist were accidentally rubbed out by his sleeve during a thunderstorm.

The giant projectile, which ought to have carried out the useful project, proved, therefore, inadequately gigantic. Honesty compels me to admit that I was disappointed, and nearly burst into tears.

Much as I have revelled in the labours of these two writers, I have been almost as much fascinated by those who were not handicapped by any leaning towards verisimilitude. It was the sensation alone which mattered to them. The statesmen of the world, the seismographers, and the criminal investigators would be gathered together (with blanched faces) in a single room.

"The news that reaches us," said Lord Cantilever, "is positively horrifying. It is nothing less than a plan to wreck the earth."

"You mean civilization as we know it to-day," hissed the Prime Minister of Montenegro.

"I mean what I say," returned the English Home Secretary. "Perhaps Professor Appleblossom will explain it in detail."

There was a moment of awed silence in the Council Chamber.

Rising from his chair, the venerable scientist removed from its stand a model of the terrestrial globe. Pausing for a moment while all eyes were turned upon him, he dashed it to the ground.

It bounced and hit an under-secretary sharply on the shin.

A commissioner of police recovered it from beneath the table and returned it to the old man's trembling grasp.

"Like this," he said, and repeated the experiment.

The plaster-of-Paris ball struck the floor a second time and broke into a thousand fragments before the astonished gaze of the assembly.

Again there was silence for a few seconds.

Then M. Camembert spoke.

"It is necessary that we should prevent it," he said.

"But how?" asked the English Home Secretary. "This madman has acquired an enormous ranch in Arizona, protected by leagues of electrified wire, and guarded night and day by bloodhounds."

The statesmen of the world, you see, were confronted by a very real difficulty. There is no law which forbids the destruction of the earth. It is not actually encouraged, but if the preliminaries can be carried out on private property without interfering with the amenities of one's neighbours, there is a case for trespass against anybody who interferes with the undertaking.

It is hardly necessary to say that in the story which I have vaguely indicated the madman wishes to revenge himself because his love has been slighted by Rosalind Fairchild, who, together with the hero, is entrapped and incarcerated in the lonely mansion where the appropriate machinery has been installed.

Tripping together hand-in-hand along the labyrinthine corridors they find themselves in the control room, and at the last moment the villain's hand is dashed from the fatal lever, with the gratifying result that the world survives.

"For us," sighs Rosalind as she sinks happily into Roy Hardwick's arms.

Of all such anecdotes I have been most charmed, I think, by the tales of Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs, who conveys his principal characters to Mars, a country where, besides many other novelties which are bound to attract the tourists' attention, the vegetation is not green, but bright red.

The idea of the reigning rulers in Mars is to attack the earth by the bold and, I venture to say, original device of ramming it, and once again it is only the fact that the hero and heroine manage to get to the steering gear at the right moment and swing the helm over that saves the situation for them and for posterity. The momentum of Mars is so terrific that had the collision occurred the earth would have been disintegrated into fragments, and it would have been impossible to arrange for royalties with the publisher.

Heroes and heroines of this kind deserve, I venture to think, more than any others, to win the admiration of the circulating libraries.

What, then, were my feelings when I learned from the grave tones of Sir John Anderson himself that this dream of the novelists could now at last, and without very much difficulty, be fulfilled?

It would be wrong, I think, to say that my sensation was one of relief. I am not so anxious to vindicate the claims of fiction as to be blind to the unpleasant consequences that would ensue. I intended, when I began to write these words, to explain to you the theory of atomic energy, and how the minute but tireless particles that keep rushing around the nucleus of the atom, not so fast as light, but none the less at a fairly creditable speed—but why repeat an explanation which by this time every schoolboy understands?

It is enough for me to hope that at the last moment, as in romantic literature, so also in fact, some hero or heroine will emerge and keep the angry little atom, like a squirrel, in its cage, or divert its antics into the field of peace rather than of war. I am but voicing, I think, the feelings of a vast number of readers when I say that I contemplate with nothing but annoyance the vaporizing of the globe by some unknown busybody in a remote corner of, say, South America, just when the frontiers of the nations are being settled anew.

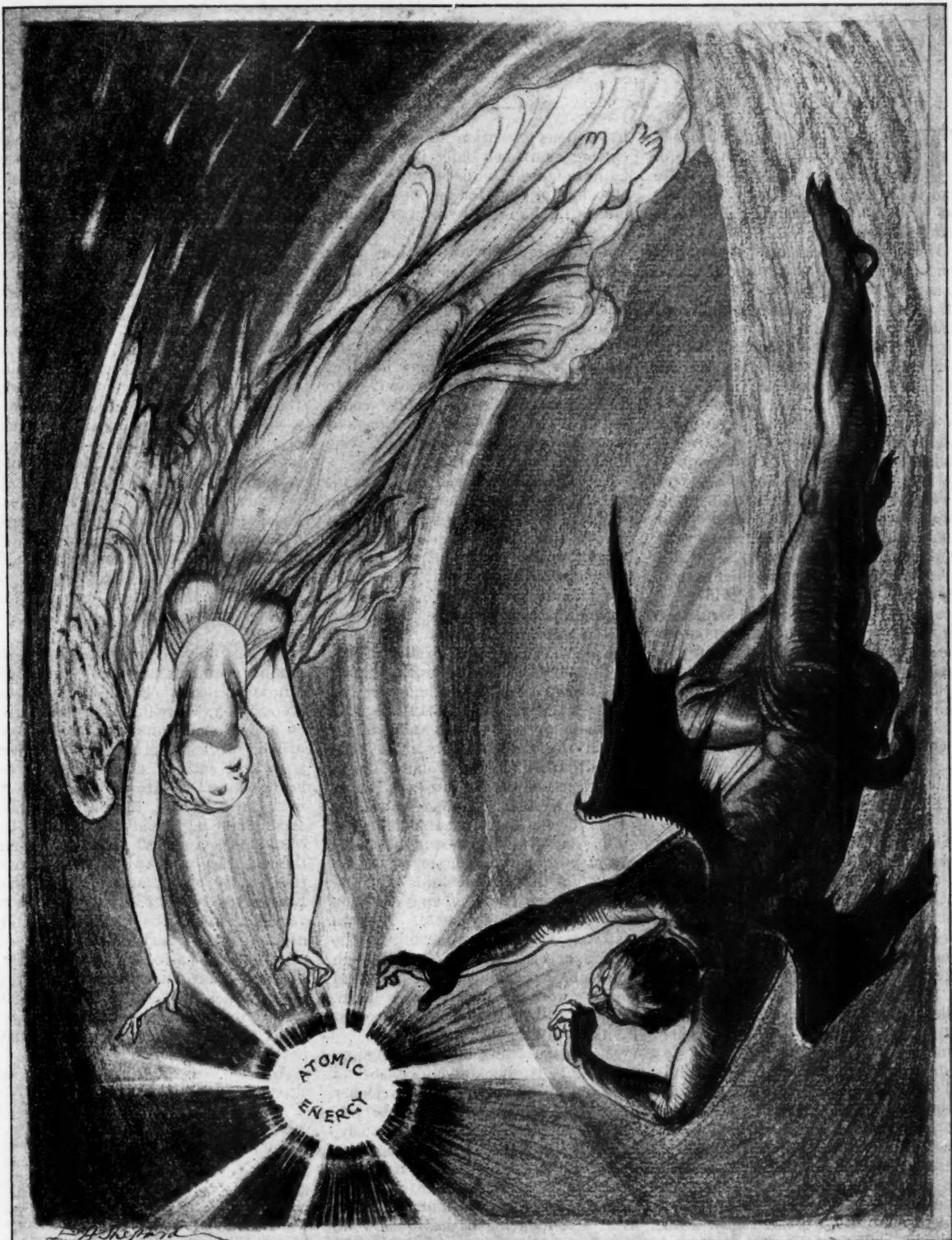
Let us use the atom, now that this awful Asiatic business is ended, for anything you like, for growing food, for building houses, for abolishing queues. But take it away from the warriors. I am reminded of perhaps the most fatuous utterance that has ever proceeded from human lips. It was made this afternoon by a greengrocer standing outside his front door, and speaking to a friend.

"Well, Bill," he said, "it seems this atomic bomb has come to stay."

EVOE.

Literary Sidelight

"Amongst those knighted by the King last week was Mr. Charles Tennyson, C.M.G., a grandson of Lord Tennyson, the poet, who is secretary of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd."—"The Motor."



FOR GOOD OR EVIL

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By *Blanche Addle of Eigg*

XXVI—Life Goes On.

THE outbreak of the European war found my sister, in spite of the terrible blows which Fate had dealt her, still gallantly carrying on—"faint, yet pursuing," "bloody, but unbowed."

Her first act, in accord with her life-long patriotism, was to offer her little house in Mayfair to the Government at a ridiculously small rent (it was just crass stupidity that made them disregard the offer), and to take a delightful small manor-house in Buckinghamshire instead. Here she did splendid work entertaining tired ministers and officers of high rank but low powers of resistance, for charming and refreshing week-ends. Her altruistic work was brought to a sudden end by the warning of no fewer than seven evacuees! Mipsie felt that the peaceful atmosphere so sorely needed by war workers would be shattered, so quickly sub-let the house. Luckily, her notoriously bad memory stood her in good stead at this juncture; she completely forgot to mention the evacuees, so let the manor at a substantial profit, which came in very handy on her return to London, where she felt that to live at a first-class hotel was the only way to preserve her strength for her country.

One of her most constant week-end guests, Major-General Bull-Mastiff, now procured her a job as his driver, and after a few weeks' delay—while she was waiting for her own tailor to make her uniform—she took up her new work, and for six months carried on these useful though onerous duties, until an unfortunate misunderstanding lost the War Office one of their most tireless and skilled employees. One evening the General asked Mipsie to drive his adjutant, Captain Quickly, to a training camp in Lincolnshire called Skindale. My sister, with pardonable ignorance, never having heard of the place, motored him to Skindale at Maidenhead instead, and not till they arrived—the evening being very dark—did the Captain find out her mistake. Being landed there somewhat late it seemed only common-sense to fortify themselves with dinner, but though they of course went on to Lincolnshire the very next day, the General, unluckily, became most irate with his adjutant, and almost as angry with poor Mipsie. A coolness sprang up between them, and though my sister did her utmost to bridge it

by zealous attention to duty—often cutting short her daily lunches with Captain Quickly in order to be certain of being on time for her boss, it was useless, and in 1940 she was advised to resign.

Soon came the awful time when England, as Mipsie has so often done during her chequered life, stood alone. And after that—the blitz.

Mipsie was always quite fearless in that ordeal. As she said laughingly, she was herself an incendiary bomb at heart, and, as for the black-out—"to those who have passed giddy youth and have learnt wisdom, darkness is often a friend," she once said. She is indeed a child of nature.

She was soon plunged in war work again, for she could never bear to be idle. So in the autumn of 1940 she took on the management of a Mayfair beauty parlour, and helped in the unselfish task of preserving the youth and glamour of those who felt these feminine treasures slipping from them in the stress of the war. It was a fine job to do, all the more so as it was, at first anyway, uphill work. Other well-known rival establishments, staff troubles and shortage of materials were the main worries. She was unable to obtain the right substance for mud packs and so took up a large bin of mud from our sewage farm; unluckily there were one or two tadpoles therein (quite harmless, but customers are so silly). She tried to replace unobtainable henna with permanganate of potash but forgot that it also stains skin, and she lost a rich client of long standing during the ensuing dispute. But the staff was her real headache. As the call-up accelerated it was well-nigh impossible to get skilled assistants, and cleaners were more scarce still. Then, suddenly, all her troubles were solved by her own genius.

She was working late one evening, trying to solve her difficulties, so late that almost her only remaining cleaner was already busy, sweeping the pile carpet vigorously. Subconsciously, as Mipsie noted the lean, energetic figure at work, she could not help comparing her with some of the clients who came to her for slimming treatment and reducing baths. "How do you keep your figure, Mrs. Meat?" she inquired laughingly. "Just 'ard work, m'lady," came the reply. "I don't 'ave no time to get fat."

Instantly the idea flashed through Mipsie's brain. Why not kill two birds with one stone—let her clients clean the salon and reduce fat in the process, saving her also the eternal hunt for staff? The scheme was soon put into action and became most popular. The twenty-guinea course included the polishing room, where Mrs. Meat would bring all the articles that needed rubbing up each day, sweeping with a stiff brush and an electric sweeper (specially recommended for redundancy of flesh round the waist) and finally scrubbing floors—an advanced stage at an advanced cost, for Mipsie found that unless they had to pay more for it the clients would refuse that part of the course altogether. Afterwards came the special facial tone-up, massage and manicure, to put right any damage the treatment had done, and then the client would leave the salon a slimmer and a healthier woman. None returned for another course, which fact proves its efficacy.

It was only a step from that to another brilliant scheme. In 1941 Mipsie opened a cleaners' agency in Kensington, where for a substantial fee customers could hire out the services of houseworkers. The two businesses were kept entirely separate and were never connected with each other, so it was sheer ill-luck that one cleaner should have been inadvertently sent to clean her own house. Worse still, on the hall table were two bills: one from the beauty salon, another from the Kensington agency. She was not very nice about the whole thing and nor were other friends of hers who were also Mipsie's patrons. My sister felt that she could not continue if she did not have her clients' confidence, so she immediately closed the cleaners' agency and resigned her management of the beauty salon.

Another sad chapter in her life was closed.

M. D.

"SIR,—I understand that buzzards have been absent from Swaledale for many years, and to my delight a pair settled this year in Gunnerside Ghyll. They successfully reared one young bird only, which was nearly full grown, but lacking in the ability to keep out of range of guns which the old pair possessed."

Letter in "The Darlington and Stockton Times."

Had they a licence?

*The Secretary,
Punch Comforts Fund,
10 Bouvier Street,
London, E.C.4.*

MY DEAR SIRS.—Your most generous parcels of woollies have come safely to hand and I should just like to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks.

I shall be grateful if you will pass on to all your readers who contribute to your comforts fund my sincere appreciation, for it is only through the unseen, and all too often unacknowledged, work of such people that we are enabled to issue to our seafaring lads those extra garments which they need so much and appreciate so warmly.

With all good wishes and very many thanks for your generosity to us at all times.

I am, Yours sincerely,

Chaplain

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

In a Glass Darkly

THE Rights of Man! The right to Plan!
The right of you and me
To fight the Plan that fights to ban
The right to Liberty!
When I have planned the Social
Man

And you have planned his Bride
We shall, I think, have travelled far
And both be satisfied.

But A is thinking of a Plan
To make the world unite
By dosing every second man
With Oil of Dynamite;
While B is thinking of a Plan
To make the House divide
Upon the right of Turkestan
To feel dissatisfied;

And M has planned to help the
Land;
And N the Building Trade;
And O has planned to de-disband
The London Fire Brigade;
And P has planned to take his stand
Upon the Constitution,
While Q has planned to force his
hand
And start the Revolution.

The Rights of Man! The right to ban
The right to be mistaken!
The right to plan a Partisan
For bringing home the bacon!
Then who will plan to scrap the Soil
And nationalize Cheese?
And who will plan for milk to boil
At twenty-five degrees?

Or who will plan Democracy;
And who will with me queue
To cheer the Labour Victory
Of 1952,
And hear Sir Stafford Cripps explain
What England is to be
Until the Tories win again
In 1953?

And who will plan for Communism
And paint the Empire red?
And who will plan for Douglassism
And paint it green instead?
And who will plan for Socialism
And give the Tories hell?
And who will plan for Liberalism
And give them heaven as well?

The Rights of Man! The right to
Plan
To get the Nation fed!
But who will plan the Artisan
Who activates the head
That animates the bowler hat
That crowns the T.U.C.
That kicks the Proletariat
That beats the Bourgeoisie?

And who will plan the Underlings
Who do as they are told?
And who will plan the Inner Rings
That fix the price of Gold?
And who will plan the Superman
Who feels in duty bound
To clip the wings that pull the strings
That make the wheels go round?

Oh, who will plan the Right of Man
To walk about on legs?
And who will plan a frying-pan
For dehydrated eggs?
And who will plan a Clergyman
Who won't discourage Sin?
And who will plan a Pelican
Without a double chin?

And who will plan a Football Fan
Who criticizes Proust?
And who will plan an Odd-job Man
And get him mass-produced?
And who will plan to spray Milan
With chlorinated tar?
And who will plan for astrakhan
To grow in Zanzibar?

And who will plan to make Japan
A Rest-Centre for Jews?
And who will plan to get Queen Anne
To read *The Psychic News*?
And who will plan a Natural Tan
That won't come off in tea?
And who will plan which Alderman
Becomes Lord Bumblebee?

And who will plan the scentless soap
That substitutes for cheese?
And who will plan a telescope
To bomb the Japanese?
And who will plan a Modern Home
To study Plastic Art in?
And who will plan a Culture drome
Controlled by Kingsley Martin?

* * * * *
The Rights of Man! The right to Plan!
The right to know and see
The Plan-made Thing, the Man-made
Thing
That England is to be!
When Wells has reached Utopia,
With Bevin at his side,
They will, I think, have travelled far
And both be satisfied! P. B.



"Right! Now lead in from the right, one at a time, and let's have no more of this queue nonsense."

At the Pictures

THE REAL STUFF

The True Glory, the "official documentary" (forbidding and misleading phrase) of the European battle from D Day to the end, dwarfs all the fiction pictures of the fortnight . . . of the year, in fact, or longer. It is very fine indeed, absorbingly interesting and worth seeing. I wish it were possible to get this fact across to the featherheads in the queues, one of whom I heard squeal complacently (after hearing that she had missed the first twenty minutes of *The True Glory*) "Ow, that's not a reel pitcha, that's only—"

Nobody with any sense at all could fail to be moved, excited, often amused, by this unique and satisfying record, 1,400 cameramen's work arranged and put together with extreme skill by its two directors, American and British—GARSON KANIN and CAROL REED. The commentary—dozens of different voices, many different accents, men and women talking casually about their particular jobs—is beautifully done; if there is an occasional note of self-conscious melodrama, well, that is in character too—the speaker concerned has a perfect right to strike a little attitude. The doubtful point is the impersonal blank-verse commentary that takes the whole narrative forward (as distinct from the personal, detailed stuff that forms its constituent parts). The blank verse is designed, presumably, to heighten the dramatic tone, but it's delivered in a running straightforward manner that does not help much with the rhythm. For instance, it took me several distracting moments to calculate that the line

"Paratroops, S.S. men, the young, the cruel"

might, with a good deal of artificial care, have been accented as a pentameter. As it is, though, these rather

pompous interludes, with their accompanying glimpses of not very clear maps, serve the useful purpose of providing a field of *lowered* tension to set off the brilliant brief episodes, a periodical rest between the powerful

Now for the *trivia*: I will pick two spy films. JAMES CAGNEY's first independent production (*Johnny Vagabond*) was one of the good old stories; his second, *Blood on the Sun* (Director: FRANK LLOYD), proves to be another.

It begins to look sadly as if the temptation to play safe with the box office has been too much for him. This is the one about the fighting newspaperman who foils the secret police and gets out of the country (Japan) with the beautiful spy (SYLVIA SIDNEY). It is a pleasure to see Miss SIDNEY again, and the electric Mr. CAGNEY has brightened more hackneyed stories than this in his time, but one can't help a sense of disappointment at the end of the film even though it has efficiently enough kept one entertained.

The fights are the great thing here. Enormous, all-embracing, miscellaneous fights, which have a basis of *judo* but are apt to explode at the end in the most violent kind of all-in wrestling and boxing. If you like seeing people smash china on the stage you should enjoy them.

Blood on the Sun at least has some unfamiliar details of Japanese life; *The Conspirators* (Director:

JEAN NEGULESCO) is even more of a routine affair . . . and yet the old devices still work. The scene is Lisbon, and the hero (PAUL HENREID) is a Dutch underground fighter on his way to England, avoiding the Gestapo as he attends glittering *soirées* at the German Embassy and falls in love with "the most intriguing woman in Portugal" (HEDY LAMARR). Here we have the old Oppenheim atmosphere, the "verbal fencing", the grim dark-browed faces at night under the awnings of hotels, the master-mind (SYDNEY GREENSTREET) with the little shop where the conspirators meet, the roulette-table where everybody waits for a code number to turn up, and finally the chase of the villain (bang! bang!). Nothing fresh, in fact; but I insist, the old devices still work—in its way it's entertaining. R. M.



RIGHTS, LEFTS, JABS, AND JUDO

Nick Conlin JAMES CAGNEY



NEUTRAL ZONE

Von Mohr	VICTOR FRANCEN
Almeida	EDWARD CIANNELLI
Quintanilla	SYDNEY GREENSTREET
Dr. Schmitt	STEVEN GERAY

Faywood



"The sudden removal of the more immediate strains and stresses of war—



has undoubtedly resulted in a certain temporary increase—



in one's tendency towards irritability—



a certain brightening of one's capacity—



to become unreasonably indignant—



over trivial matters—



and even a certain liability—



to sudden bursts of—



almost ungovernable . . . ?



Rot!—



nonsense!!—



bab!!!!



"I'm afraid I can't see my way clear to pass you in the bridge-building test."

Berry : A Cocker

(On his first birthday)

WHAT are we to do with Berry?
Well, it's undecided yet.
When he's bad, he's very, very,
When he's good, he's just a pet.

Did his father's father's father
Wed a wolf beneath the rose,
Thus accounting for his rather
Savage temper? Heaven knows.

Was his mother's mother's mother
Boarded with a rural dean,
Which explains, we tell each other,
Why his temper's so serene?

Was his auntie's auntie's auntie
Just a cur whom cats could cow?
Even so, we say, why can't he
Show a little courage now?

Courage? Why, at times a dozen
Lions aren't as brave as he,
And his cousin's cousin's cousin
Shows a hero's pedigree.

Fierce he is, and very gentle,
Brave and coward, good and bad;
And, which may be accidental,
Now and then completely mad.

Do we love him? No, we nearly
Hate him, he annoys us so.
Hate him? No, we love him dearly
And we cannot let him go.

Envoi

Yesterday he bit his missis,
And I gave him all I'd got.
Back he comes with licks and kisses—
So he's going . . . No, he's not.

A. A. M.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

HERE is the concluding part of the manuscript which I got so taken up with last time:

A SHORT HISTORY OF MORONIA

2

As time went on the most typical Moronian institution, the Krepp, began to emerge from what in any other country would have been its origins. It is difficult to translate the term into any known language or describe its significance by hint or metaphor. It is not quite a family, not quite a club and not quite an Urban District Council. It is so much a part of their thought-world that the inhabitants meet any question with incomprehension or even with hearty laughter, since the word also means a vulture, this bird being a source of affectionate amusement in the country. Your Krepp consists of suitors rejected by your aunt, and also of the owners of fields which abut on yours, and this, owing to the complications of land tenure, most do. It has powers of coercion, but only against those who have previously joined in coercing someone else. In the Quadrennial Games the Krepp enters as a team, and those who are members of more than one Krepp score points for each. The games consist of the seven-legged race, the plaster-of-Paris race, where the contestants roll, and competitive fasting. In marriages the Krepp takes the pick of the wedding presents and sprinkles volcanic ash on the bridal pair.

The next landmark in Moronian history was the Renaissance, which hit the country pretty hard. Poisoning replaced murder by falling rocks, and the use of classical phrases in conversation became general. Such idioms as "eheu" and "væ omnibus" frequently re-echoed from the mountains. As far as the Arts went not very much was done owing to the absence of canvas, clay and raffia, while models, though plentiful, had to wait for recognition until Impressionism leaked in. The Church, lacking endowments, had nothing to fear at this time, and, indeed, complicated the history of the country by seizing those of the State, a salt lick and two remarkable views. The new movements of the time, however, did not pass this stricken land completely by. Tales of exploration circulated even in this far-off corner of Europe, and efforts were made from time to time to get Moronia explored by Vasco da Gama, Cortez and Sir Walter Raleigh; later a Hearty Welcome was offered to the Pilgrim Fathers, but all those invited returned evasive answers.

As might be expected, the Agricultural and Industrial Revolutions were tardy. In barest outline the history of farming followed the normal course. Owing to shallow soil and high winds the crops rotated, and this rotation certainly diminished with the introduction of root crops owing to their greater weight. Windmills and watermills



"The message says, simply, 'Two pints, please.'"

tended to go too fast, and the mechanical genius needed to slow them down was lacking. There was no coal, the wood was so wet that it needed other wood to dry it, and a fully developed factory system, it was found, could not be based on peat. Perhaps the most notable development in Moronia was the introduction of the printing press, which was presented to the country by a Scottish earl famous for his intemperate love of learning. Unfortunately it arrived without any instructions for changing type, so whenever paper was available it printed the title page of "Puir Rizzio : An Epic," by the Lairds of Glenshiel and Mull.

The modern history of Moronia dates from the early years of the nineteenth century and resulted not from the Fall of the Bastille but from the discovery of ventriloquism, which had somehow escaped notice so far. In a remarkably short time it had become a true folk art, being used alike for part-singing and spelling bees. Here at last was something in which the nation excelled. Ventriloquial choirs visited all the principal cities of Europe, and a hotel was built for the accommodation of foreign impresarios, though on account of a misunderstanding of the term "running water" it was infrequently used. In 1810 Napoleon annexed Moronia owing to a clerical error, but when this was rectified the inhabitants, justly insulted, rose in revolt, singing "Moronia never, never, shall be free." At the Congress of Vienna a Moronian representative appeared who took an active part in the discussions and was counted with the Dutch delegation for games; but the Peace Treaty did little for this neglected land except guarantee its independence in language so firm as to be tactless.

During the next half century the country made little progress. No English mi-lords included it in their tours,

owing perhaps to the excessive use of tundra in the native cooking. The true creator of modern Moronia was Bismarck, whose emphasis on the relation between blood and iron greatly increased the drinking of improving waters, and with a deep-seated masochism western Europeans flocked to the turgid Moronian streams; the cult of physical hardship and the derivation of high thinking from plain living attracted an increasing number of visitors every year. The more difficult the transport and the more uncomfortable the inns, the higher the price which the Moronians could extort; for every road unbuilt, for every inundation unchecked, the national revenue doubled and redoubled.

With the twentieth century visitors included seekers not only of health but of information; fact-finding Commissions, Leagues, Summer Schools and Study Groups thronged the land. The Moronians themselves secretly sent missions abroad which investigated primitive methods of agriculture, technology and social organization whose adoption maintained interest at a high level. These halcyon years did not come to an end until the second world war, during which Moronia has passed through the successive stages of Guaranteed Neutral, Friendly Neutral, Neutral, Unilateral Neutral, Quasi-belligerent, Ex-belligerent, Neutral (*en tout cas*), Stowaway (Cabin class), and Ally on the Retired List. What the future holds in store is at the moment uncertain. The Moronians are determined to remain in their own land and to develop it still further, once going so far as to pelt with old hailstones an international official who plastered the country with posters designed to encourage emigration. (The subjects of these were fruit-growing in the open air, a slight sea, a man without a hat, a two-course meal and a bed with people breakfasting in it.) After engaging so recently the attention of the civilized world it would indeed be difficult for this hardy, adaptable and ingratiating people to sink gracefully into obscurity either within their frontiers or without.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

Encyclopaedia Britannica, sub art. "Other Countries." Dombad Drummel, M.D. "Travels in Asia, Africa, Australia, etc."

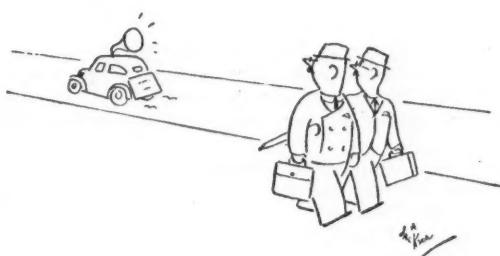
Abdul K. Hopkinson. "Sociological Imports of Lack of Charm."

Various Writers and Artists. "Homage to Moronia." Various Writers and Photographers. "The Purple Book of the Moronian Terror."

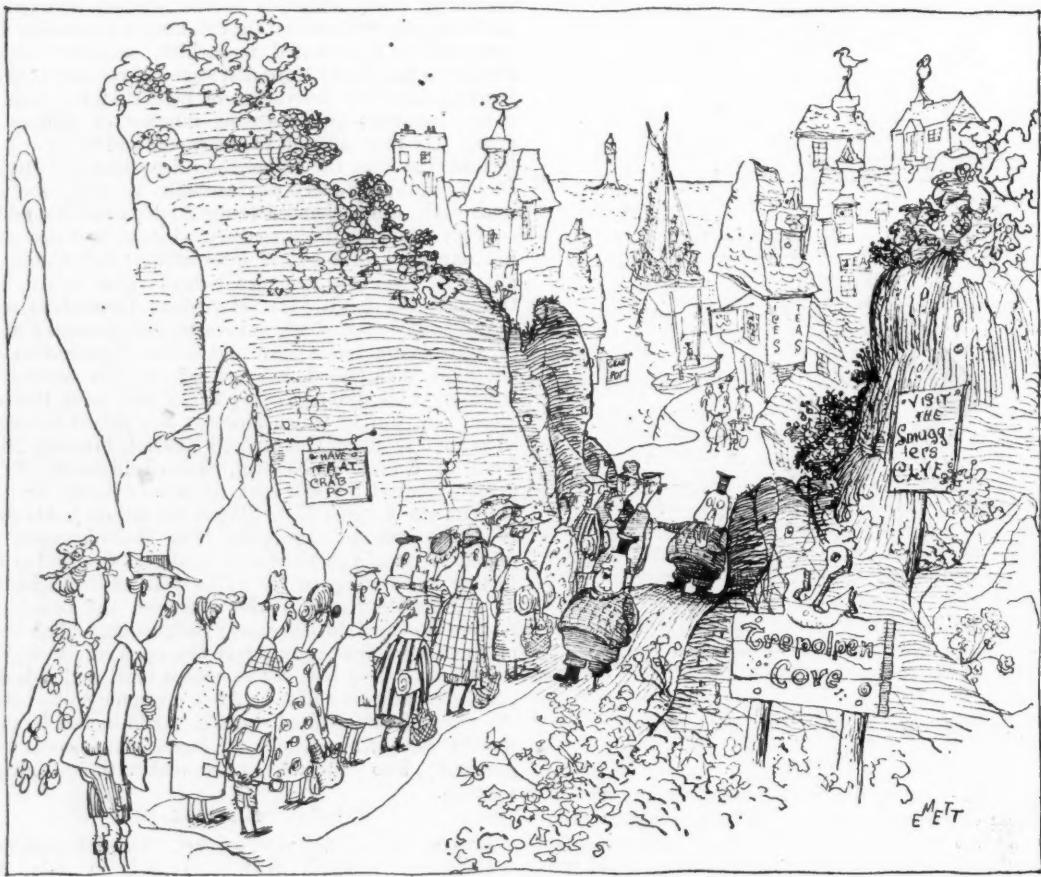
Pearl Bali. "Moronians Can Learn Love." Letters to *The Times* of July 7th, from "Only a Bishop," Warden Tombe, "A Trinity House Quartet," "Flabbergasted," and others.

Moronia's Declarations of War (set of ten from all bookstalls).

FINIS



"Splendid idea, that—What's it saying?"



"Sorry, nothing left—only two lobster teas at 3/6, one plain tea at 2/3, four picture-postcards at fourpence each, and two single seats in the 'Skylark'."

Gift Horses

MACGONAGAL, you died before your time!
You were the only poet, I think, who could rhyme.

And give due praise, where it was merited, of course,
To a noble poetic subject, like, say, the Horse.

The Horses that you find in History and Mythology
Would fill a whole book or two or even a Lexicology.
There was Black Bess and Brown Bess and Rosinante,
And Bayard and Eclipse, and this year's winner, Dante.

There was Abraxas and Aligero Chavileno,
And another one that they called, in its own language,
Vegliantino.

And noble Arthur's horse called Spumador,
Which must have had a back like a byre door.

Think of Queen Mary's horse, named Rosabelle.
Oh, what a noble animal! How swell!

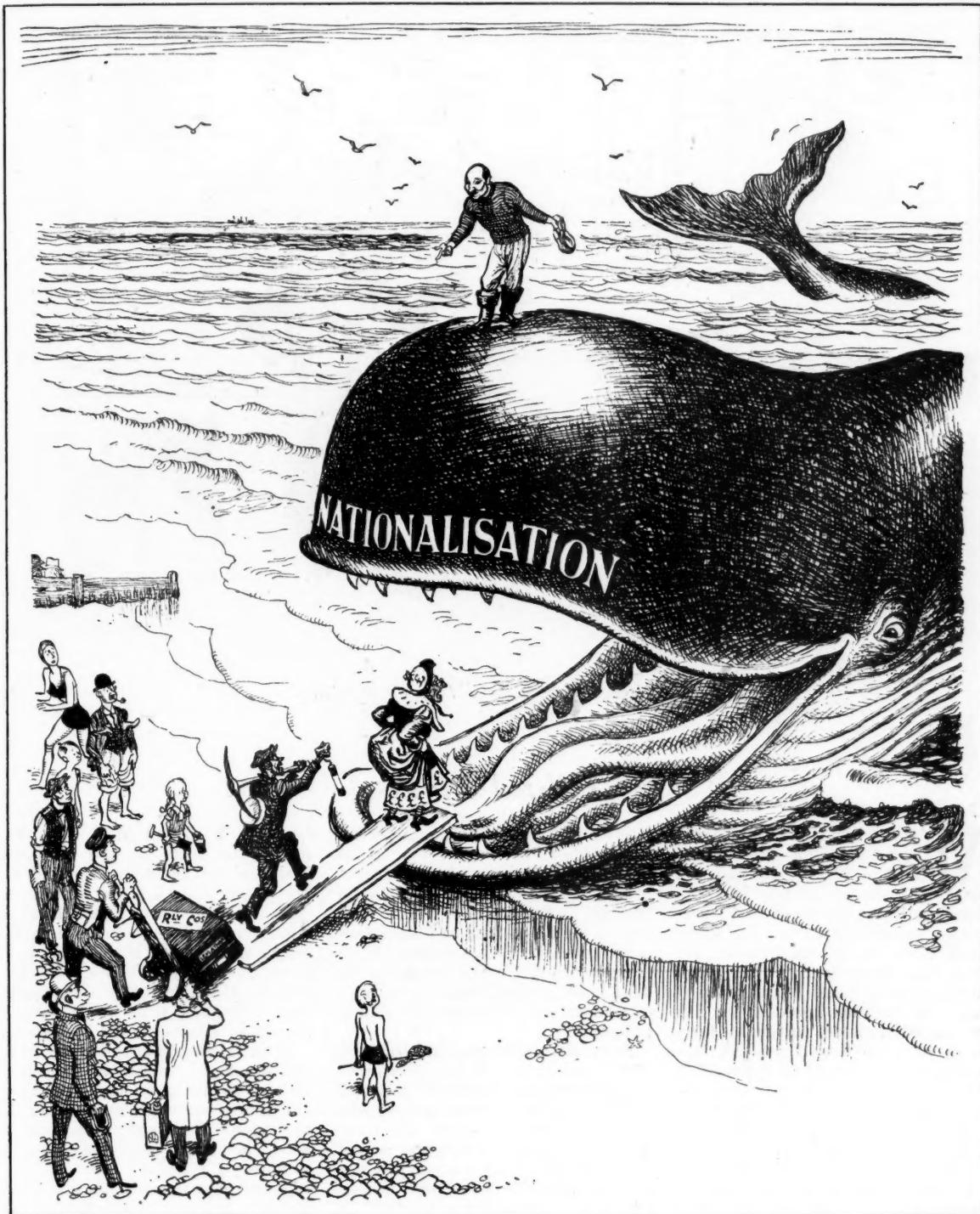
And Copenhagen, and Marengo too;
The pair of them both met at Waterloo!

There was a Scandinavian steed, Skinfaxi,
The Car of Day. I expect it could beat a taxi.
And William the Third's horse, Sorrel, that aye
fell so,

I think it wouldn't have had much chance at Kelso.

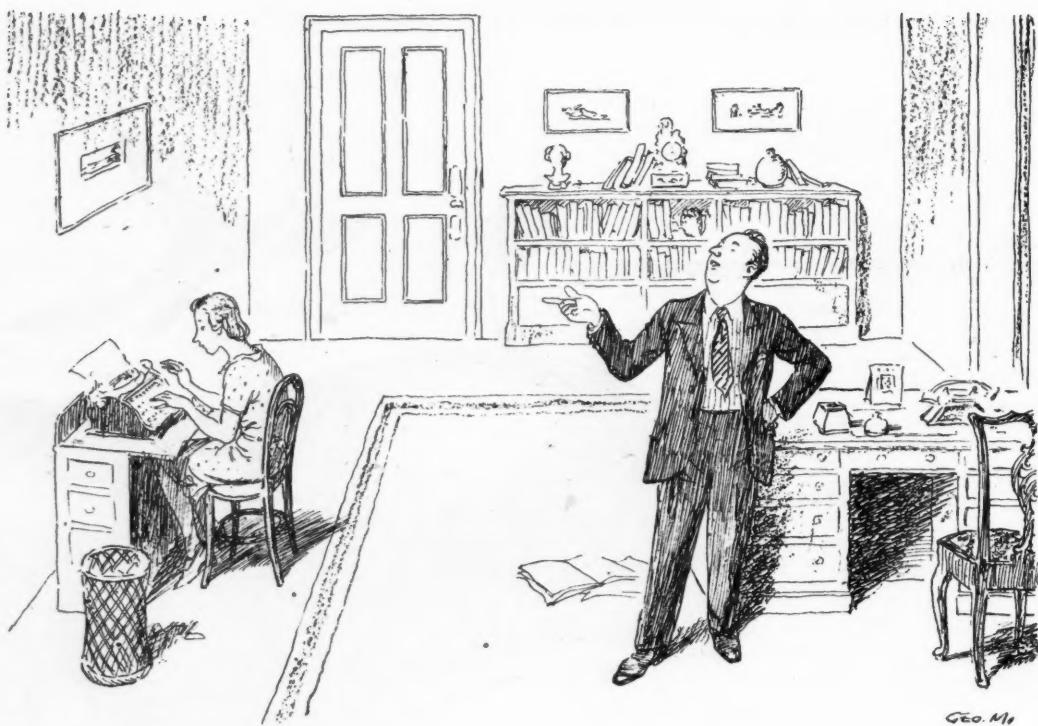
Then there was Bronzomarte and Dhuldul;
Dear me, I could nearly fill two columns full.
And Sleipnir that had legs numbering eight!
I never saw so many myself, even in a Selling Plate.

Think of Tam o' Shanter's Meg that lost her tail,
And Incitatus that drank from a golden pail.
I should have made this horseologue much fewer,
But there's three and a half pages of them in Brewer.
J. B. N.



ALL ABOARD

"Any more for the Leviathan?"



"With speechless indignation I take up my pen . . ."

Filleted Plaice

MANY a bright moment have I spent watching Mr. Blaggs fillet a plaice. He has the knack of tossing it on the block as though a feat were about to be performed, rather like a music-hall artist laying down his silk-lined cloak. He must have been born to the task, filleting is in his bones. It all looks so easy. He does not approach the fish determinedly, almost putting his knee on it, as some fishmongers do. He maintains an erect position and reaches downward at arm's length with his face slightly averted. A few flicks with the knife as though he were slitting letters, and the job is done. It is wristwork of a very high order.

Because of the war we have seen no filleted plaice for years, although some is beginning to trickle through now. My wife in the fish queue has reduced the distance from fifteen yards to two from the counter before the assistant has called that plaice is sold out, and she keeps trying. The plaiceless

interval has been a malignant period. All my life I have been reading about types of fish I have never heard of before, although I forget the name of the one in South America that lives part of its life on land and sometimes gets drowned. I fancy there is an indiarubber fish, but I am not sure. All I know is that it must be of huge dimensions and they used to chill it in Iceland.

As youths Mr. Blaggs and I belonged to the same cycling club. We used to set out on Sunday mornings and pedal right into the heart of the countryside. Once the scattered party was overtaken by unexpected rain and he and I took shelter for a few hours in a sort of large burrow in a sandpit. It was there that he confided to me that his favourite fish was the plaice. I recall that it was with the same shock of astonishment that hit our ancestors upon being told the world was round that I received the news that a plaice swam vertically and not flat as seemed

sensible. I also learned that the redder the spots on the back the healthier was the fish. He told me that if ever I saw a plaice without red spots I should know it had measles. I learned that in six months' time his employer intended letting him have a try at filleting a plaice. He had already filleted dogfish, but I gathered that that was done more with a hatchet or saw and in the back room.

Well, Mr. Blaggs has gone on and on and developed the art to perfection. Indeed, as far as filleting goes there are times when he appears to be looking for fresh worlds to conquer, when he stares experimentally at shrimps. But plaice are still his supreme achievement. A few sharp incisions and four plump fillets lie on the board, the shape of rowing-boats. Not a scrap of flesh is left on the bone, held to the light it is as stark and sparrowed as the mast of a sailing-ship. (I am writing this on a jetty.) All the same I cannot resist thinking that

Mr. Blaggs's expertness has gone to his head, now that he has his own shop. His assistants may choose a plaice and cut away the fins, but when it comes to the filleting Mr. Blaggs stalks in like a great surgeon. He performs and immediately draws away again, not even deigning to toss the bone under the counter. I doubt whether he cares much about money. When plaice are not available he has got to leaning against the jamb of the shop door gazing sadly and soulfully into the middle distance. It is frustration. The artist in him is yearning . . . yearning . . .

• •

"Royalization"

IT was not Labour's fault. Mr. Churchill's supporters began the singing, and the high-spirited majority could hardly be silent. True, they might have joined in "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" without serious loss of principle. But the sad thing was that on the spur of the moment there should occur to the governing party in the British House of Commons no better tune than "Tannenbaum" and an international song about a flag not recognized by the Constitution.

If we had thought of it we would have sung the little piece we wrote many years ago when we were obligingly writing songs for all the political parties. The chorus, we remember (and we claim that this is the briefest statement of a big policy ever yet made in British poesy), ran as follows:

*By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies.
The means of production
We nationalize;
While rapture surprising
We bring within range
By nationalizing
The means of exchange.*

All are born equal. Counter this who can.

Place in his cot some scion of the rich.
Lay at his side an infant artisan,
And who shall say for certain which is which?

By reason, not ruction, etc.

How comes it, then, that as the seasons pass
These equal babes enjoy a different lot?

One steers the ship, one polishes the brass;
While one is beautiful, the other not.
By reason, not ruction, etc.

And who can doubt that in an ordered State

No harsh distinctions would divide the twain?

Both, hand in hand, should rule the vessel's fate,

And both be beautiful—or both be plain.

By reason, not ruction, etc.

That might have gone very well the other day. As a matter of fact, we are told, it was actually recited in the House of Commons in a debate on the Socialist Sunday Schools, when an indignant but deluded Conservative Member quoted our refrain as an example of the subversive stuff which was being used to corrupt the minds of the young.

We made another song, called "The White Spat", but we have forgotten it.

Talking of nationalization, may we offer some small cheer to those who tremble at the word, and a little advice to those whose business it is to make people like the old-fashioned proposal.

We have often wondered why instead of "nationalize" they did not say "royalize". Not a good word: but it would have comforted many anxious minds, and inspired some dubious ones. Even the latest favourite, "public ownership," does not, we suspect, cause many hearts to flutter with delight. After all, if the railways are nationalized they will become the property of the Crown, and they will be run by His Majesty's Engine-drivers and His Majesty's Porters—a jolly conception. Every train will be a royal train, drawn by His Majesty's Engine "Rapid" or "Lightning." H.M.E. will be as familiar as H.M.S. Probably they will fly some new royal ensign. The monkey-boats on the royal canals, we suppose, will wear the White. Every tip—but presumably there will be no tips.

The same with the mines. The coal is the King's already. Now it will be hewn by His Majesty's Miners, and over the pit-head the new Black Ensign will fly.

As for the land—every schoolboy knows that all land used to be held from the King, and "public ownership" merely means that we shall go back to feudal times. Hardly anything could be less new. We shall all be the King's tenants; and the King, of course, is bound to be a good landlord.

About the banks, we are not so sure. Will the King be a good banker? Will he, for example, recognize the importance of our overdraft, and the necessity for kindly dealing? With all those

fleets and armies to pay for we rather doubt it.

That reminds us of a constitutional point we raised many years ago. Everybody knows that "The King can do no wrong." This means, we gather, that he can't be sued for tort (things like libel and fraud and damage by motor-car), or breach of contract. If you are run over by one of His Majesty's Vans—a Post Office van, for example—you cannot sue the King and we don't *think* you can sue the Postmaster-General. You can only sue the driver, who may not have enough money to pay your damages. If the King is your landlord and fails to do your outside repairs according to the lease, you cannot sue him for breach of contract—you must use a queer procedure called a Petition of Right. We may, of course, have got all this wrong: and in practice, we believe, the Departments do not enforce the law strictly, and it is just as much fun in the end to be run over by a Post Office van as by a private company's van. But there it is—if the King is going to run everything, or so much, something will have to be done in this department of the law.

Awful thought—there will have to be a King (Can Do Wrong) Bill. How ever should we draft it?

Probably it should have a preamble: "Whereas it is expedient that His Majesty should be able to do wrong, contrary to the current principles of law and the established facts of His character, and accordingly . . ."

Rather difficult. We will leave the rest of the drafting to you.

You may well wonder what all this is about. But a depressed man betted us we could not write a cheerful article about nationalization. We have done our best.

Feel any better, old boy?
A. P. H.

• •

Men

MEN are selfish, lazy, dull,
And mean to a degree.
We frown on their disgraceful ways,
On which we can't agree.

We find them faithless, artful, crude.
We're simply miles above 'em.
They're really quite impossible,
But goodness! how we love 'em!

• •

Realists

"Cottage wanted, in or near Kendal;
near bus route; clean careful tenants; no
children; now or later on."

Advt. in Westmorland paper



"My sister tells me that most of the stuff now in the National Gallery came from a cave in Wales!"

Cottages

AM going to deal to-day with country cottages as a whole; and the first thing I want to say is that as a whole they are rather surprising (that is, to people who are surprised by what they were expecting to find) in tending to have roses or at least jasmine round the front door, to be originally two old cottages which have been knocked into one, and to have spiders in the bath. It is, by the way, typical of the attitude of humanity to country cottages that it cannot find a spider in its bath without congratulating itself on having made a measurable contribution to what it thinks of hazily as the atmosphere of the place. It is typical of its attitude to spiders that it feels the faintest possible moral scruple as it swills one down the waste pipe, and typical of its attitude to itself that what is described at breakfast as a three-inch spider is automatically reduced by the others into a quarter-inch spider, which is pretty well the effect the speaker was aiming at. Cottages also have moths, and some people are proud of not minding moths and some are proud of minding them, which works very well; one side being very glad of the other when a really big moth gets indoors. The accepted way of throwing a moth out is of course putting a tooth-glass over it, sliding an envelope under,

carrying the glass to the window and shaking the moth back into the room. Two other interesting facts about moths are that mankind has never ceased to be quite amazed that moths fly round lights—although, as everyone knows, that is exactly what they do—and that you can tell a moth from a butterfly by trying to remember how butterflies fold their wings.

Cottages are either old or new. A new cottage is one built after the days of old cottages, and it is symptomatic of human nature that if shown round a new cottage by the owner it will become as ecstatic over the fact that it is not an old cottage as it would, if shown over an old cottage, be ecstatic in the other direction. Ecstasy is, indeed, traditionally the keynote of the average visitor's reaction to the average cottage. Another traditional reaction is a morbid interest in those two original cottages from which old cottages are likely to be made. Average visitors will not rest until they have ferreted out which original cottage has been made into which rooms, just as they will not rest until they know which is the oldest bit; it being a fairly safe bet that some bit of an old cottage is the oldest. It is not difficult to find this sort of thing out, because the average owner got it taped long ago, and is only too willing

to explain and be contradicted by the rest of the household. All this will last right through the first meal-time of an average visit, I mean if the average visitor wants it to, and any tough pause can be filled by exclaiming at the thickness of the outer walls. Walls over eighteen inches thick, statisticians tell us, count as three feet thick if they are being used as conversation.

The roof of an old cottage may be thatched or tiled; thatched roofs are more picturesque, but tiled roofs have the advantage of birds hopping on them and making a mysterious tapping noise which never fails to gratify the inmates when once they have established what it is. Thatched roofs get extra prestige because thatching is what is known as a lost art; that is, the people who do it get extra prestige by doing it. Another picturesque feature of an old cottage is its front door, which is reinforced with iron and tends to open straight into the main room. This does not matter, because visitors show up a long way off. The back door tends to be thumped by tradesmen who in their turn tend not to be heard and have got quite good at leaving things on the kitchen table.

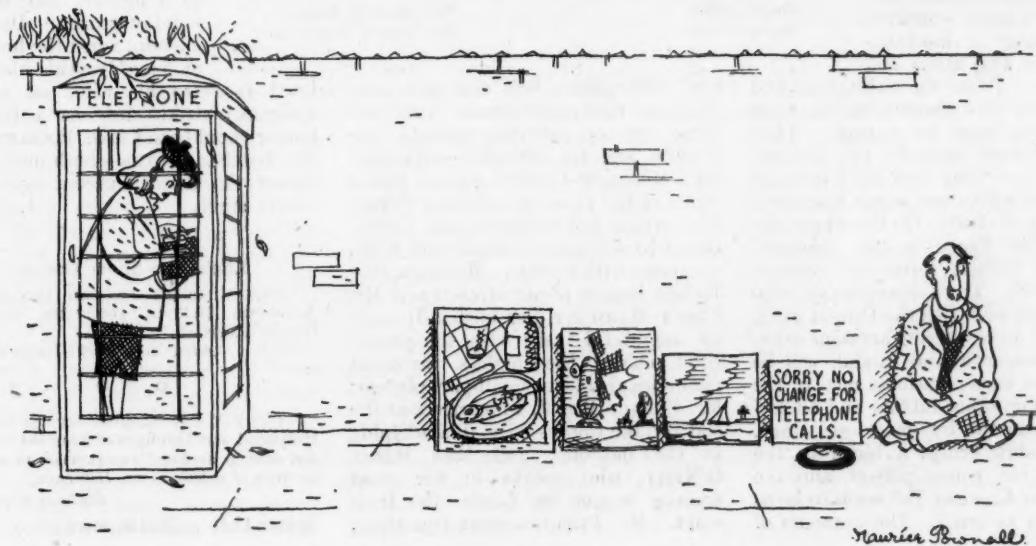
I should mention oak beams and open fireplaces. Oak beams have got where they have mainly by lying in wait for tall people to hit their heads on. Historians do not think that that is why they were invented, but cannot think of any other reason. Open fireplaces trade on the fact that you can see right up the chimney if invited to. Historians are fairly sure why these were invented; they say that the original inhabitants built this sort of fireplace so that by the time it was old it would look different enough from modern fireplaces to give its owners their money's worth; just as sloping floors were invented so that people nowadays can see a floor is old by the way it slopes. For the same reason again, cottage doors are made with latches instead of knobs and the walls of even the newest kitchen in an old cottage are of whitewashed brick with a slight bulge. But, historians tell us, quite another reason accounts for the extreme nearness of the first floor to ground level. This is simply because in the country the newspaper tends to arrive late enough in the morning for the people making the beds upstairs to have it handed up through the window when the people in the garden have finished with it.

I must say something about cottage bedrooms. Most cottages have one big bedroom which, naturally enough,

belongs to the owner, and a number of smaller ones which work down gradually to the room the visitor is shown into. As rooms in cottages are never very big, it stands to reason that the average visitor's room is very small indeed. Because the average visitor is geared to the picturesque, the smaller the room the more likely it is to be greeted with a cry of pleasure, but because the average visitor brings clothes for every kind of weather—although the average visitor stays long enough for only one kind of weather, the unexpected kind—the more likely it is also to get cluttered up with a welter of clothes. Psychologists tell us that we need not worry about this if we do it ourselves, because so does everyone else; and we need not worry either if other people do it, because now, more than ever, it is up to them to make their own beds. People in cottages have always of course done a lot of housework, though that does not make the housework they do now seem any less. Washing-up is a particularly notable feature of the average cottage, even nowadays; possibly because people in such surroundings are in close contact with outdoors and tend to harmonize with Nature and thus lose sight of that ceaseless struggle between man and the universe which underlies the whole process of washing up. However, it is probable that to have just finished the washing up in a cottage on a fine day is twice as satisfactory as to have just finished it anywhere else; if only because the washer-up knows enough about life to realize that the people in the garden also know enough to look positively stunned with surprise and gratitude.

Sir Bernard Partridge

AS we go to press we learn with profound sorrow of the death of Sir Bernard Partridge, who first became a regular cartoonist in the pages of *Punch* in 1901, succeeding Linley Sambourne. His first political cartoon appeared in March 1899 and his last on June 10th this year. For dignity of treatment and accuracy of drawing he has had no rival. He received his knighthood in 1925. His service was longer than that of Sir John Tenniel, and the loss to his companions of the Round Table and to *Punch* is inestimable. A personal reminiscence with more details of his unique and impressive career will be printed in our issue of next week.



At the Play

"KISS AND TELL" (PHOENIX)

LONDON managers will decide one day that we know enough of the habits and experiences of the American junior miss (and her brother). At present they are not quite sure about it; there is room, they hazard, for refresher courses. Hence the arrival of Mr. F. HUGH HERBERT's farcical comedy and our introduction to *Corliss Archer*, who is not yet seventeen but who feels at least twenty. *Corliss* has playmates, she has companions, and we meet them all. (Hiya! ev'rybuddy!) For five scenes the author, or lecturer, takes us sternly in hand, showing with a wealth of illustration how the neighbourly children of a New England town pass their summer days. Misanthropes are tempted at first to ask if it was for this that the *Mayflower* sailed. But the stouter hearts among us grow used to the tumult and the shouting. At the tail of the evening, when peace has been declared, when we know whose baby it will be, and the last cat has clawed its way from the bag, we are ready—rather wanly—to compliment the cast upon its indomitable high spirits.

It must be said at once that the play is for those who enjoyed *Junior Miss* and *Daughter Janie*, and who have never pondered darkly upon a finishing-school for the babes and sucklings. To get on with *Corliss* and the other infant phenomena you have to be gregarious by nature. They are relentlessly sociable; and morose, blighted souls may sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade. On the whole, the best of the brood is the youngest, *Raymond Pringle* (presented masterfully by Mr. TONY STOCKMAN), who might fit in well with the Penrod gang. *Raymond*, a persevering amateur salesman, unromantic and candid, will be one of the bigger business men of the future. The other infants and adolescents are in the boy-meets-girl stage. Little to-day brings a blush to the cheek of the young person, and the exhibits in *Kiss and Tell* seem to be as precocious as usual. The humours of

precocity can pall. How charming it is to get back to *Tom Sawyer* and *Becky Thatcher*, or, if you like, to *Little Eva*!

Mr. HERBERT's piece is carpentered efficiently. But there is only one joke, and we must look to the cast to tide us over an evening of baby-talk—another infant is threatened—and of mild domestic conspiracy. Here, yet again, there is the feeling that so American a play, a Transatlantic call indeed, needs an American cast. Miss TILSA PAGE is competent as *Corliss*, that blend of idiocy and goodwill who lets concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek. Of

would be welcome long before he appears: he is a naval commander and he wants *Corliss* to launch a destroyer: just that. Miss O'NEILL can point the poorest line. It will be a gala day when someone finds for her a thoroughly actable part. J. C. T.

GRAND GUIGNOL : THIRD PROGRAMME (GRANVILLE)

We have to wait until the last second of the evening for the Guignol's true shudder. Before then the programme promises more than it can pay. True, there is the revived *Coals of Fire*. Miss ELLEN POLLOCK repeats her evil

purring; but the blind woman's pounce can hardly startle those who are seeing it for a second time. Mr. H. F. MALTBY's *Something More Important*, an anecdote about a drab, her man, a body in a sea-chest, and some oddly dense police-officers during a raid in Seven Dials, is a trifling affair, and so too is Mr. FREDERICK WITNEY's latest period piece, *Rococo*. The most famous of the Guignol plays, ANDRÉ DE LORDE's *The Old Women*, has still a repellent power, though the black and midnight hags who plot against a newly-recovered girl patient in a French asylum are now indifferently performed. At the close the evening rises sharply with *The Mask*, that domestic tragedy in which Miss TENNYSON JESSE and Mr. H. M. HARWOOD take us to Cornwall, out of the holiday season. Its grim curtain, when the husband at length reveals his mutilated face (to his wife, not to the audience) strikes fear as a Guignol horror should, and Miss POLLOCK and Mr. TOD SLAUGHTER—both inclined to labour the Cornish accent—get their effects surely.

J. C. T.



POP HAS A SHARP ATTACK OF RUMOUR.

Corliss	MISS TILSA PAGE
Janet Archer	MISS RENÉE KELLY
Harry Archer	MR. PERCY MARMONT

the other golden lads and girls only *Raymond* really gets across. There are three sets of suffering parents, the *Archers* and the *Pringles*—who keep up a Montague-Capulet quarrel during much of the evening—and the *Franklins*, whose hobbledehoy son, *Dexter*, one of New England's Dead End Kids, conspires with *Corliss*. Although Miss RENÉE KELLY (*Janet Archer*) and Mr. PERCY MARMONT (her husband) carry off ungrateful tasks with the proper good cheer, the night's strongest memories are of two small-part players: Mr. GERALD PRING, who arrives at the end to take *Corliss* off to Philadelphia in the morning, and Miss MAIRE O'NEILL, who speaks in her most winning brogue for *Louise*, the Irish maid. Mr. PRING, a neat comedian,

strikes fear as a Guignol horror should, and Miss POLLOCK and Mr. TOD SLAUGHTER—both inclined to labour the Cornish accent—get their effects surely.

Life's-Too-Short Corner

"PIGS MUST BE ADVISED AND ADVICE ACCEPTED BEFORE DELIVERY TO OUR BACON FACTORY."

Advt. in "Cork Examiner."

"The L.M.S.R. steamer service between Holyhead and Dublin was resumed on Monday after a weekend's suspension of sailings because of a leak in s.s. *Hibernia*."

Railway journal.

Better than a thistle, surely?

No Sale

THE tendency of the population of the Middle East to try to sell to the troops things that the troops do not want and to perform innumerable unsought services such as the cleaning of boots and the cutting of hair shows no sign of diminution. Rather, as they see their customers snatched away from them on PYTHON and AGE AND SERVICE, do the locals redouble their efforts.

"An Africa Star used to be something of a protection," said Sympson bitterly as we fled the other day before a locust-drift of shoe-shine boys waving their brushes and giving the wild cries of their trade, "because it proved we were not fresh from England. But now that they see us slipping through their fingers one by one they have become quite ruthless. Even though I now carry a large fly-swat merely to show the fly-swat salesmen that I do not need to buy one they still insist on my buying further supplies of fly-swats, as if they thought I was a hopeless addict of fly-swats and could not resist the craving to buy one before every meal."

"The shoe-shine boys are my own particular enemies," I admitted. "I always clean my own shoes (like Mrs. Lirriper's Major Jackman) because I believe that nobody else is capable of bringing them to such a high polish. After spending ten minutes polishing them to perfection it is rather hard to step out into the street and to have a small boy point at them with an expression of mingled loathing and horror and ask me if I want them cleaned."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by our hurrying down a side-street to avoid a covey of guides who obviously wished to conduct us round the bazaars. When we had recovered our breath Sympson said that in his early days in the Middle East he had once lost a good chance of promotion because he had not then mastered the technique of dodging.

"It was towards the end of 1942," he said, "and there was some suggestion that I might be chosen to succeed the then assistant-adjutant of a Kugomba Group. The Colonel invited me to lunch, so I made myself look as smart and soldierlike as possible and went along. After about ten yards a man in a shop doorway asked if I wanted a shave, in a tone strongly suggesting that I needed one pretty badly. A little farther along a shoe-shine boy offered to put a 'good shine' on my shoes, and further offers to cut my



"Hang on a minute—Who's shaved off my beard?"

hair and clean my buttons poured in from every side. Attempts were made to sell me new hats and canes, and a man in a red hat begged me with tears in his eyes to take a Turkish bath. By the time I reached the hotel where I was to lunch with the Colonel I had a vision of myself as long-haired, ill-shaven, and disreputably clad, with dirty boots and buttons, and I was definitely not at my best with the Colonel. He told people afterwards that he could not give the job to anybody with such a hang-dog look. And yet all the time I was really a *de luxe* edition of Sympson, as I saw afterwards when I looked in my mirror at home."

Unfortunately I had become so interested in his narrative that I had not noticed what I was doing, and only when my attention relaxed did I find that while I was listening to him I had apparently purchased three fly-swatters, four copies of the *Egyptian Mail*, two Arabic weeklies, a plaster model of a Pyramid, and a forged ticket for a local cinema.

Professor J. R. Hicks was yesterday re-elected president of the Manchester Statistical Society, as were the other officers.—*Manchester paper*.

That'll learn him to be so statistical.



"It now appears that the one you thought was Miller and I thought was Pepper is not Workman after all, but Williams."

Our Booking-Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Horace

IN *Horace and His Lyric Poetry* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6) Mr. L. P. WILKINSON, Lecturer in Classics at Cambridge, has given a sketch of Horace's life and work which, though primarily intended for those with some knowledge of Latin, should also interest the general reader, for whom Mr. WILKINSON has provided excellent prose translations of the poems he quotes. In his introduction Mr. WILKINSON questions, though not too brusquely, the Victorian view that Horace was chiefly remarkable for his patriotism, his devotion to Augustus, and his deep and clear faith in the moral law. At the same time he dissociates himself from the opposite view that Horace was "a genial but rather superficial character whose most typical activity was drinking wine and uttering proverbial wisdom under a tree." Hovering at some not very clearly defined point between these two extremes, Mr. WILKINSON surmises that Horace wanted a sanction for morality, but could not bear one which involved rigidity. More illuminating than his general reflections are the comparisons which Mr. WILKINSON suggests, without pressing them too closely, between Horace and certain writers of the modern world, Molière, Voltaire and Anatole France, Herrick, Fielding and Lamb, all of whom illustrate for him in varying degrees the philosophy of the Golden Mean, with its

aversion from the fanaticism of social or religious reform. It is strange, however, that he does not include Thackeray, who was steeped in Horace and whose indolent nostalgic nature and preoccupation with "the transience of human life and the vanity of human wishes," as Mr. WILKINSON puts it, are much more reminiscent of Horace than the restless trouble-provoking temperament of Voltaire. Perhaps the most interesting comparison Mr. WILKINSON draws is between Horace and A. E. Housman, whose very fine translation of the famous ode "Diffugere nives, redeunt jam grama campis," he quotes. Like Housman, but unlike most of his contemporaries, Horace did not believe in survival after death. In Mr. WILKINSON's view, it was the horrors of the civil war which "encouraged a wishful belief in a compensation hereafter," but he does not explain why Horace was immune from such a belief. Possibly it was because he was so fortunate as to escape these horrors, and, leading a comfortable existence on his Sabine farm, felt that he might be less lucky in another life, and so preferred the idea of eternal repose; for extinction as well as survival may be the object of a wishful belief.

H. K.

Occupied Ithaca

Mr. Agate tells us that whenever he personally runs into radio drama he switches off. Mr. EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST assumes that nothing but a resolute attempt to replace the visual element by something more evocative than a narrator's commentary will redeem radio drama from dullness, flatness and vulgarity. What he himself sets out to do is indicated in the Preamble to *The Rescue* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 21/-). This "Melodrama for Broadcasting" is dependent for production on its orchestral score, and in making verse or prose declamation a co-partner with music it has reverted to operatic origins. The preface is exhilarating and the play both ingenious and beautiful—its theme, the last two days of occupied Ithaca, providing just that blend of the classical and topical which Shakespeare enjoyed putting over in *Coriolanus*. Here you have Odysseus, self-exiled head of the state; the Resistance, Penelope and Telemachus; the occupying power, the Suitors; and the quisling or patriotic islanders. All are commented on by Phemius, who—entertainingly but discordantly—is a modern poet not a Greek, an interpreter not an oracle.

H. P. E.

"Even in Spring . . ."

SIDNEY KEYES was killed in Tunisia in the spring of 1943, when he was twenty years old. He has been claimed already, and by good judges—Victoria Sackville-West among them—as the great poet of this war. All the poems which he himself would have wished to keep have now been published, with notes and an introduction (*The Collected Poems of Sidney Keyes*. ROUTLEDGE, 7/6). If we are honest we will admit that KEYES was born at the most unfortunate of all times for a poet, not only because of the threat of war, "the planet of pain rising across your sky," but because of the influences that lay in wait for him. KEYES felt this himself. "I think that I should have been born in the last century in Oxfordshire or Wiltshire, instead of near London between two wars," he wrote, nine weeks before he was killed. As it was, he was still in bondage to the symbolists—to Yeats, to T. S. Eliot, and above all to Rilke; Rilke, one of the giant invalids of modern literature, tortured by the noise of traffic, shut off from life in his tower or in the Bibliothèque Nationale, dying at last from the prick of a rose. Small wonder that his genius and his theories, especially the idea of death as a part of life,

fascinated KEYES, who was still in love with the macabre. But KEYES hated obscurity, and there are signs that before long he would have fallen out of love with symbolism. His great technical skill was all his own, so was the characteristic tenderness which pierces his beautiful lyrics, "The True Heart," "Epithalamium," "North Sea." And in one of his last poems, "The Wilderness," he faces his own death and the death of his generation, not with his earlier bitterness, but with the vision of a future which can only come through battle. "We must be ready," he says, "for the desert—even in spring"—

"And they shall find who linger in the garden
The way of time is not a river but
A pilferer who will not ask their pardon . . ."

P. M. F.

The National Trust

The National Trust, edited by Mr. JAMES LEES-MILNE (BATSFORD, 12/-), is a superbly illustrated record of what the National Trust has achieved since its foundation fifty years ago. Until the end of the eighteenth century, Professor G. M. TREVELYAN writes in his introduction, the works of man only added to the beauty of nature; but since then, armed by science and machinery, commerce and bureaucracy between them have been busy destroying beauty all over the planet, and above all in England. Against this, as Professor TREVELYAN points out, beauty, natural and architectural, has never been so consciously valued as at present. Hence the National Trust, which has already acquired 110,000 acres, and has 40,000 more under its protection. This, Professor TREVELYAN says, is a great deal better than nothing, yet, in comparison with what needs to be done if the beauty of England is to be preserved, pitifully small. The annual subscription to the National Trust is ten shillings and those who contemplate becoming members should certainly read this most interesting and fascinating volume, which contains eleven chapters on various aspects of the Trust's work. Mr. IVOR BROWN opens with a brilliant account of National Parks—an unfortunate title, he points out, since a National Park is defined as wild landscape strictly preserved in its natural aspect. Among the other contributors are Mr. G. M. YOUNG on "The Manor House," Mr. JAMES LEES-MILNE on "The Country House," Mr. JOHN SUMMERTON on "Town Buildings," and Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, whose "Historic Shrines" places Carlyle, Coleridge and other great men in their domestic settings with a delightful mixture of humour and imaginative sympathy.

H. K.

Poussin to Braque

In his enterprising attempt to introduce *French Painting* (avalon press, 8/-) to the amateur, Mr. T. W. EARP has rather oversimplified his task by starting with Poussin instead of with cave-men and Christian Primitives. Cut out the bison of Les Eyzies and you eliminate the origins to which art may return. Cut out the Louvre *Pietà* and you have eliminated French painting's greatest claim to be a spiritual force and a social service. With the classical and orderly Poussin the long trek to "exultant anarchy" gets going. The hither side of Cézanne fails, one feels, to respond to conscientious treatment—perhaps because it is difficult to be reasonable over people who deprecate reason. Cézanne insisted that all painters needed was to realize their own sensations; and it is inevitable—though Mr. EARP thinks it is unfair—that a public confronted by successive exponents of "resolute inhumanity" should realize its own sensations to the painters—and leave it at that. The root cause of the rift is probably economic.

The long, inexpensive apprenticeship of the Old Master is unobtainable; and there is little demand in a scientific world for art—even "scientific" art. Forty-four well-chosen illustrations emphasize these issues and hopefully endorse "the violent reactions and impetuous returns" noted by the author.

H. P. E.

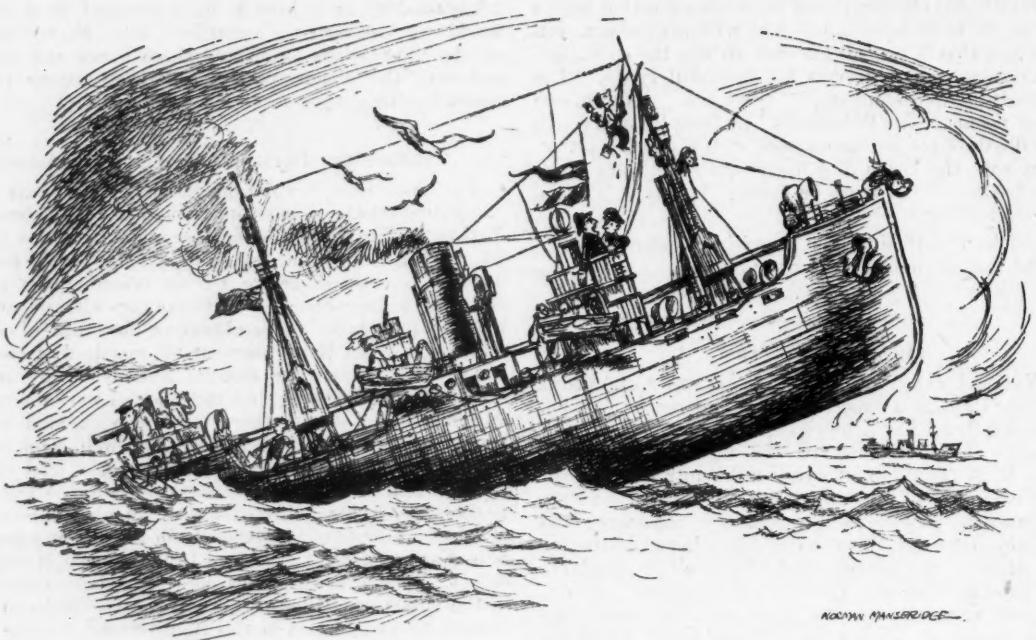
Before the Declaration of Independence

The American revolutionary movement was slowly congealing into permanent inaction, declares Professor J. C. MILLER in *The Origins of the American Revolution* (FABER, 16/-), when Tom Paine, in January 1776, for the first time gave it a clear objective by an unambiguous call for complete independence. "No taxation without representation" had been a grand slogan for thrifty colonists anxious to resist those pecuniary demands that could not be avoided, as earlier charges had been, by national adroitness in smuggling, but the colonies were too much at variance one with another, too much divided between privileged and unprivileged classes, too well accustomed to look to Court and mother country for social leadership, to allow of real liberty as we understand it in the Dominions to-day ever being achieved unless an absolute cut were effected. Few people on this side for the last hundred years or so have regarded the War of Independence as a national defeat. It was essentially a civil struggle, a transference of the battle for British freedom from the England of the Stuarts to an America of the Hanoverians. If the House of Commons applauded the repressive measures of an absolutist monarch and his party it was because it was a House corrupt and fallen. If on the other hand freedom of the individual across the Atlantic sometimes meant little more than the right of men who would hardly lift a hand in their own defence to be delivered from foreign aggression at the expense of the British taxpayer, none the less the future was with them, and through all the fog of trivial and sometimes contemptible wrangling a great idea was coming to life. Professor MILLER is to be congratulated on an impartiality only recently become easy for an American writer, as well as for the clarity and vividness of his intricate narrative.

C. C. P.



"If you must know, the Ministry of Labour sent me here."



"You'd never get THIS carry-on in normal times—Balsa wood in one, two, three and four, and iron ore in number five."

Moving Picture

MY friends, I declare this move well and truly under way. I will not pretend I have pleasure in doing so, because it goes without saying that what we are in for is an outstandingly disagreeable day."

"Nonsense! I intend to enjoy it."

"So do I."

"Be that as it may. You have either forgotten, or are too young to have experienced, the horrors that lie ahead."

"Where does this wardrobe go, sir?"

"Put it in any of the rooms which look like bedrooms. We must begin with basic principles and do the finer focusing later."

"Does anyone mind if I take my shirt off?"

"Let's have a cup of tea to get us into the right frame of mind."

"No tea till you've done some work."

"Very well, I'll start drinking cider immediately."

"The barrel isn't unpacked."

"Oh, yes it is. And I've told the men to put it in the priest's hole."

"Well, I'm going to start on the beds."

"Before you go, who is a strange man in a bowler hat?"

"Where?"

"Lying on his back under the kitchen table."

"Oh, that's probably a Mr. Heavside. I forgot to tell you, he's fixing another power-plug."

"Whatever for? We've enough power-plugs already to run a factory."

"You can't have too many in a kitchen. Blossom says the Americans have even got a machine now for topping gooseberries."

"I wish they'd invent one for moving."

"They probably have."

"You all seem to be standing about rather. The thing to do is for each of you to pick something up as the men bring it in and take it somewhere."

"And what about you?"

"If the war has taught me anything," I said, "it is that behind every successful operation there is always a master-brain, a kind of king-bee, watching the thing as a whole from a slight distance and jealously guarded from petty disturbances by his loyal subordinates. That is what is called team-work. We English are said to be very good at team-work. You may be sure that I rely implicitly on you all."

Having thus given a lead I disappeared upstairs, pursued by noises, with a carton, large but happily light, on which someone had thoughtfully marked "MISC." in blue letters. No sooner had I lit my pipe and sat down, however, than the telephone, which I had understood to be permanently broken, or I should never have bought the house, began to bray. Someone answered it.

"It's Daisy!" they shouted.

"Daisy who?" I shouted back.

"It's just a still small voice that says Daisy's on the common."

"I don't see where we come in on that. Ask."

"It says Daisy's broken loose again."

"The village schoolmistress has doubtless gone berserk. I think we ought to weigh any action very carefully."

"It now says Daisy's a cow."

"Oh, only a cow. Well, explain that I've sold my gun so there's nothing we can do to help."

"It says please tell Mr. Heavside."

The to me undramatic information that his cow was having a walk brought Mr. Heavside out from under and the right way up with extraordinary agility.

"It's the foot-and-mouth," he murmured into his bowler hat as he mounted his tricycle and dashed off down the path. We never saw him again.

"We are in the heart of the paw-and-jaw country," I remarked to a moving-man staggering past with the business end of a piano. He set it down with a noise like Rachmaninoff warming up and looked at me curiously.

"I think it's time something was done about them old ladies," he said.

"What old ladies?" I asked sharply. I was half afraid he was going to object to the *decolletée* of my African figures, as one or two had done before him, and I was not in the mood for a discussion on the aesthetics of decency.

"Them old ladies in the drawing-room. Been there an hour, and I don't like the looks of them at all."

"Do you mean real white old ladies?"

"You 'ave a word with them, sir," said the man, and climbed back into the piano, which began to move slowly upstairs again.

Three old ladies, dressed all in black except for a few tropical vegetables in their bonnets, sat in line abreast on the sofa, their legs not quite reaching to the floor.

"It's disgracefully late," they chirped severely.

"What is this deputation about?" I asked.

"We've come for a sail."

"I'm afraid we're not putting out to-day," I said firmly, "it's much too rough and the *Shamrock*'s being tarred."

"How do you mean, too rough?" demanded the oldest of the old ladies.

"How do you mean, a sail?" I countered, holding my poor head. Never give old ladies an inch.

"This is Pear Tree Cottage?" chirped the middle one.

"Certainly not."

"Then you're not holding a sale of effects of the late Francis Bonehandle?" the third challenged.

"So far as I know, not," I said. "But so much that is queer is going on here that if you like I'll ask my wife."

The three old ladies rose to their feet as if worked by a common lever and marched out.

"Do have a cup of tea!" I urged, for I have always liked old ladies. But they were gone. There was a man in the hall now, a big muddy man.

"Mornin', guvnor," he grunted.

"How many spits?"

"I'm a sucker at riddles," I told him. "How many spits what?"

"Deep. The lady asked me to come."

"I SAY?" I roared.

"Yes?" came a little echo from the other end of the house.

"HOW MANY SPITS?"

"How many spits what?"

"DEEP, OF COURSE. YOU ASKED THE DIGGER TO CALL."

"Two."

"Two," I relayed. "If you please," and he seemed satisfied.

I found a cracked cup with "Un Cadeau de Calais" on it, and began carrying it reverently towards the priest's hole. ERIC.

News from Germany

MY DEAR MOTHER,—As the Colonel said, Military Government would be a great deal more simple had it only Germans to deal with.

I am now staying in a small town with the name of Bad Strudel. It is in the hills, remote from wars, and consists largely of hotels. No doubt the inhabitants live somewhere, but hotels and attractive villas are all that you see. Also grass and trees. It is very attractive in summer.

The best hotels are occupied by German prisoners of war, which is only natural since they, with their

guards, arrived first. The next wave was of Displaced Persons and they took the second-best hotels. The occupation troops took what was left. But the crowning glory of Bad Strudel escaped all these invaders. It is a very charming old building known as the Schloss Adler near the centre of the town, formerly a castle but now extensively altered into a gentleman's residence. When the first arrivals came it was occupied by a neutral Embassy which had fled from Berlin last autumn, and they did not move out until the town was well under the control of Military Government. Which left the question of who would go into it as soon as the diplomats left a very open one.

I was surprised to find that the Military Government detachment had not already moved in and I said as much to the Colonel in charge.

"You soon lose your youthful impetuosity in the racket," he replied. "There's a Divisional HQ moving into this town next week. If the General found me in that building he would inevitably decide that it was the only possible building for his HQ."

The Divisional HQ came in and I spent a long day with the Colonel while he showed the Divisional Staff round the available accommodation. Naturally, sooner or later one of them was bound to spot the Schloss.



"Double-breasted blue coat, rolled lapels, grey worsted suit, black shoes, gunner's tie and red carnation."

"That would do nicely for the General," he said. "He likes a little seclusion."

The Colonel smiled sadly.

"I wish it were as good as it looks," he replied. "You wouldn't believe all that is wrong with the drains and the hotel next door is full of S.S. They sing all night. Mostly 'We're marching against England.' I found that got very monotonous. I couldn't stand it for more than a week. But perhaps your General is deaf?"

It appeared that their General was not deaf and the Staff finally settled on a villa a little way out of town. It was not so elegant, but it did have a tennis court and the former owner was a missing Nazi judge.

The Divisional HQ settled down and we were planning a move into the Schloss when the rumour got around that Corps HQ had heard of the charms of Bad Strudel and were intending to move in. The Colonel swore.

"They'll push Divisional HQ out and if we're not careful they'll take both the Divisional villa and the Schloss. For heaven's sake find somewhere in the country, at least five miles out, for Division, and I'll think how we can keep Corps out of the Schloss. It'll be no good talking about defective drains. If the Corps Commander likes the place he'll turn all the Corps Engineers on to re-laying a completely new set."

That worked, too, up to a point. Divisional HQ were pushed out and Corps HQ took over their villa, but it was obvious that the Corps Commander did like the look of the Schloss.

"Nice-looking place, that," he said to the Colonel.

The Colonel nodded.

"I had hoped to put you there, sir," he replied, smoothly, "but I'm afraid that Shaef have rather spoilt that."

The Corps Commander grunted.

"How come?" he asked.

The Colonel sighed.

"I'm sure it's some blunder," he said, "but their chap from the Fine Arts and Historical Monuments section came round and said the place mustn't be touched. Some treaty was signed here in the thirteenth century or something. There's a very old part of the building at the back. But I expect he got the towns mixed up, as these chaps do."

"Lot of damned nonsense, not being able to occupy buildings on the Fine Arts list," the Corps Commander said.

"I couldn't agree with you more, sir," the Colonel replied. "Shall I take it up with Shaef?"

That wasn't as risky as it sounds.

"It's not worth it," the Corps Commander said. "I shan't be here for more than a month or two."

The Colonel waited until the Commander was nicely settled before he took the next step. Then he went out to Corps HQ.

"I've cleared up that point about the Schloss," he told the Commander. "As I thought, it was a mistake. Would you like the place, sir? It won't take me long to get the hot water going, that is, if I can find the right spare parts; and they say that the noises don't usually start before the autumn."

"Noises, what noises?"

"It's just village gossip, I expect, sir," the Colonel replied. "They say it sounds like wolves running up and down the main staircase and howling all night. The story is that a bishop was murdered there during the Thirty Years War."

The Corps Commander rubbed his head slowly.

"I don't see why I should move," he said. "I'm pretty comfortable here now."

We are in the Schloss and the hot water does work and the wolves have not yet started to howl, but there are now persistent rumours that a section of the Allied Control Commission are rather attracted by Bad Strudel. In that case they will push out Corps HQ and Corps HQ will push out Divisional HQ and any one or more of them will push us out of the Schloss.

Unless, of course, the Colonel has another inspiration.

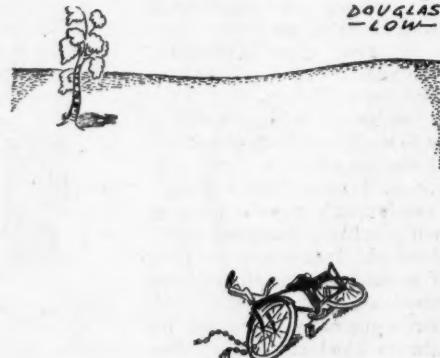
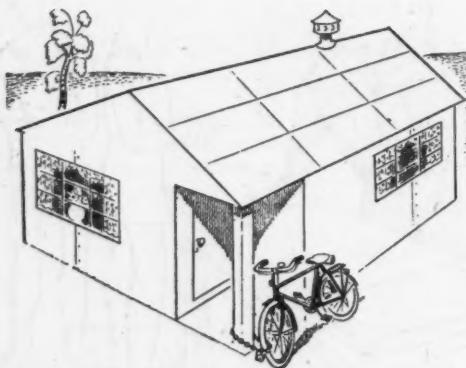
Your loving son HAROLD.

Contortionist

"Found, July 21, Hope Street, kitten, fawn, black stripes, affectionate, sits on neck."—Advt. in "Edinburgh Evening News."

"After that the company is thinking of putting on '1066 and All That,' or 'Beggar on Horseback,' a satire on Hollywood. Other possibilities are 'Hassan,' Ibsen's 'Wild Duck,' and a new play by J. S. Bach."—Scottish paper.

Musical show?



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the Countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

Behold Mr. Chips, shining light of the college, who chooses his blades with profound shaving knowledge! Blue Gillette 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax.

JAEGER

Slacks for the coming autumn—comfortable and casual—cut with the grace and simplicity that is always associated with Jaeger

JAEGER HOUSE, 204 REGENT ST., W.I., OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER



Every Etcetera

Our service used to extend far beyond the dressing of men. If you wanted a brush for your suit, a pin for your tie, an umbrella for deportment, a holder for your cigarette, a bag for your belongings, a mirror to shave at, or any other masculine etcetera, you could be sure of getting it at Austin Reed's. These things will return, one by one.

The Austin Reed Service will be there

Regent Street, London, & Principal Cities · London Telephone: Regent 6789

It's Wisdom

IT certainly is wisdom to buy a Wisdom when you can. It will give your teeth the freshest, briskest clean they've ever had. That's because the tufts of a Wisdom are made from springy, "let's-get-at-it," Nylon. They never come out and they never go soggy. Every time you use a Wisdom it's like using a new toothbrush.



Wisdom
TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS 3 ORDINARY BRUSHES

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF THE
FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



NOTE
THE SHAPE:
The brush is shaped so that all the tufts come into action at once.

Ensign ULTRACHROME FILM

It has been scarce—but we hope you've been lucky. Now you've tried it you'll ask for it again.

Ensign Film
ULTRACHROME

Houghton-Betts Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Walthamstow, London, E. 17

Red Hackle

Scotlands best Whisky
HEPBURN & ROSS Glasgow

IMPORTANT NOTICE

FINDLATER'S SHERRY

DRY FLY SHERRY

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd.
London • Established 1820

This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmore St. W.1

KENT Best British Brushes

KENT-COSBY
HYGIENIC REFILLABLE HAIRBRUSH
(PATENTED)

• BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
• HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
• ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS
• KENT "STIMULATOR" BRISTLES FOR SCALP MASSAGE

Men's Military Model

It's Worth Waiting for!

ALSO WOMEN'S MODEL WITH "ALLURE" PARFUME FEATURE

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 24 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



8,000 children supported.

10/- feeds one

for a week.

May we serve a few meals in your name?
Britain needs her children.
Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed 7 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

SAUCES MADE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR by Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
The well balanced LIQUEUR
White Liqueur in the Square Amber Bottle

JAMES

GO ANYWHERE LIGHTWEIGHT
AS USED BY OUR AIRBORNE FORCES

The same as YOU can buy
JAMES CYCLE CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM

SD2 for the treatment of
SKIN AILMENTS

GUARANTEE: Cost refunded if not satisfied, on return of empty bottle to makers.
Price 5/- (pocket size 2/6, family size 4/-).
If your Chemist cannot supply write to—

BIO-COLLOIDS LTD.
Bridgewater Laboratories
ALTRINCHAM • Cheshire

GLASS-SEALED PLUGS

FOR POST-WAR CARS

Aero engine experience has proved that earlier methods of securing gas tightness in sparking plugs by means of cement-and-washer joints were not good enough. Every aero engine sparking plug has to be sealed hermetically by means of a glass seal, fused in place. All K.L.G. plugs for motor vehicles will incorporate this glass seal as soon as we are able to return to peace-time production.

K.L.G.
CORUNDITE
PLUGS

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LIMITED, PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15

I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR
MURRAY'S
MORE THAN
ME!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS & COMPANY LTD., BIRKSTON

MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8 an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

Some
prod
firm
at £4
sold
to ad
but lo
Cham

CHAN
SMETH



We British are often silly

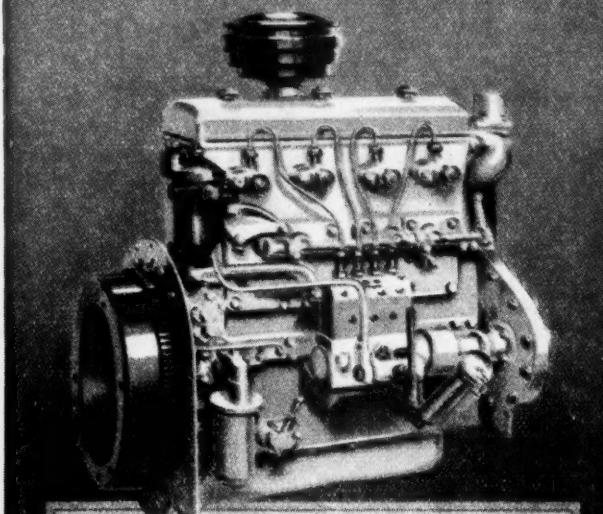
Some years ago a British instrument maker invented and produced the finest binoculars in the world at £25. A German firm made an exact copy of these binoculars and priced them at £45. In spite of the difference in price the German binoculars sold almost as well as the British ones. Why are we so ready to admire the foreign and spurn the homespun? We don't know, but let there be no mistake about this: British lenses made from Chance Brothers Optical Glass are the best the world produces.

Chance Glass

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED GLASSMAKERS SINCE 1824 HEAD OFFICE & WORKS: SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM LONDON OFFICE: 10 PRINCES ST WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

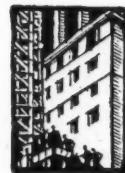
MADE BY COVENTRY CLIMAX



This Coventry Diesel engine, made by Coventry Climax, is the result of careful evolution, and develops 34 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m. for stationary purposes, or up to 42 h.p. at 3,200 r.p.m. for transport applications.

COVENTRY DIESEL ENGINES LTD., COVENTRY

COVENTRY
DIESEL



CRITTALL WINDOWS

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1



In thus proudly showing their skill, children also reveal the vitality of perfect health. To create and maintain the vigour and joyous vivacity of youth, good wholesome food is essential. Weetabix is just such a food—and is equally enjoyed by children and grown-ups.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

Zoned, like all cereals, but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area
WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

SMALL SIZE
2 POINTS 7½"

LARGE SIZE
4 POINTS 11"



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9
100 for 15/-

ALSO BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tins 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

"Jolly good biscuits!"



Muriel is making her biscuit 'last'. Tantalizing for Bobby, who has already eaten his! But, of course, Weston biscuits are so tempting. They are made in model factories—gleaming, airy and spotless. From the finest ingredients—blended with a skill that gives extra relish to each recipe. And finally, they are baked to perfection in the Weston way. Crisp and appetizing, deliciously *different*, Weston biscuits have a flavour all their own. A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound.

Weston

all that's best in biscuits